MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

MAY

10¢

No. 7

Boys! G-MAN OUTFIT with LIE DETECTOR

MAIL THE COUPON TO START

Earn This Thrilling Prize or Any of 300 Others and Make Spending Money Every Week, Besides!

S-H-H-H! Here's the secret. You can become a Junior G-Man with this scientific outfit. Includes 100-power microscope, radial lie detector, chemicals and mysterious dyes. Pointer spins that strange fingerprint, run down the "suspect," then slap a lie detector on his arm as you begin your questioning. One of the most thrilling games imaginable.

This is but one of the many prizes you can earn, besides making your own MONEY. It's easy. Just deliver our popular magazines to people you obtain as customers in your neighborhood. Soon you'll have a money-making, prize-earning business. We'll make it so easy for you to start that you can earn a model plane kit the first day. Mail coupon NOW.

Fly Your Own PLANE

With our book of inside dope you can soon pull amazing feats of magic that will make your chums goggle-eyed! Get in on the fun. Earn prize. Make money. To start, mail coupon.

Become an Ace Magician

THE HUMAN TORCH
BUSY CROWDS STOP, STARE AND SCREAM AS THE HUMAN TORCH PLUMMETS DOWN IN THE HEART OF FIFTH AVENUE.
IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH!—HE'S BACK IN NEW YORK!—WHY?—
I MUST GET TO JOHNSON'S! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP ME!—
-TORCH!-THIS IS A SURPRISE!-I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE OUR ORTON ADVENTURE! -WHAT'S UP?-
-NOTHING MUCH!-I NEED YOUR ASSISTANCE!
LATER, WITH HIS FLAME SUBDUED, THE TORCH REACHES JOHNSON'S APARTMENT.
-I WANT TO BE A POLICEMAN!

-IT'LL MEAN A LOT OF HARD STUDY - BUT IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, I'LL HELP YOU!
-GOOD! - BRING ON THE BOOKS! -I'M ITCHING TO GET STARTED!
-TIME RUNS BY SWIFTLY BUT HARD WORK AND CONSTANT STUDY MAKE THE HUMAN TORCH - KNOWN ON THE RECORDS AS JIM HAMOND - AN HONOR STUDENT UPON HIS GRADUATION FROM POLICE SCHOOL. -WE NOW FIND HIM ON HIS BEAT IN THE SLUM AREA!
-YOU'VE A TOUGH BEAT HERE TORCH - ER - I MEAN JIM! - JUST ONE THING - WATCH OUT FOR A GUY NAMED ROGLO!
-I'VE HEARD OF HIM, JOHNNY - HE'S A SMALL - TIME POLITICIAN! - BUT DON'T WORRY - I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!
WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GAPING AT, REED?
-THAT NEW COP! - HE LOOKS LIKE THE HUMAN TORCH! - I'M GOING TO -
-ARE YOU NUTS? - PUT THAT BOO AWAY! - THERE ARE OTHER WAYS OF HANDLING HIM!
-GEE, ROGLO, I JUST WANTED TO SEE IF THE BULLET WOULD MELT BEFORE IT HIT HIM!
AND GIVE AWAY OUR RACKET BEFORE WE GET STARTED? YOU'RE BATTY!
-NOW GO DOWN AND CALL UP THAT BLUE COAT!
-YEAH! - OK!
-HEY OFFICER! - ROGLO WANTS TO SEE YOU!
AH! NOW IT BEGINS!
-MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD OF ME AND MAYBE NOT! BUT IN THIS DISTRICT I TELL THE COPPERS WHAT TO DO! NOW, SCRAM!
LISTEN, KAT -

I TAKE ORDERS FROM MY SUPERIORS NOT FROM RATTY POLITICIANS LIKE YOU! UNDERSTAND?
2
WHY YOU BLASTED COPPER! IS THAT ANY WAY TO TALK TO A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN?—
YOU SHOULD LEARN TO KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF!—
A TOUGH FLATFOOT, EH?
THIS'LL FIX YOU!
YOU'LL BE SORRY ROGLO!—
OUCH! MY HAND! IT'S BURNED!
AND LOOK AT YOUR GUN, ROGLO!—
—AS ROGLO BRINGS HIS GUN DOWN, THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME!
GET THIS, ROGLO! THE POLICE HAVE NO PROOF THAT YOU'RE BEHIND THE RACKETS IN THIS DISTRICT!—
SO WHAT?
THE TORCH SUBDUES HIS FLAME, AND—
SO FROM NOW ON YOU'LL DEAL WITH ME—THE HUMAN TORCH!
SLAP—
—SORRY, I CAN'T SAY IT WAS A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, ROGLO!
HE WENT THRU THE WINDOW!
THE TORCH AGAIN TURNS ON HIS FLAME, AND DEPARTS!

I TAKE ORDERS FROM MY SUPERIORS, NOT FROM RATTY POLITICIANS LIKE YOU! UNDERSTAND?
2
WHY YOU BLASTED CROOK! IS THAT ANY WAY TO TALK TO A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN?
YOU SHOULD LEARN TO KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF!
A TOUGH FLATFOOT, EH?
THIS'LL FIX YOU!
YOU'LL BE SORRY, ROGLO!
OUCH! MY HAND! IT'S BURNED!
AND LOOK AT YOUR GUN, ROGLO!
AS ROGLO BRINGS HIS GUN DOWN, THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME!
GET THIS, ROGLO! THE POLICE HAVE NO PROOF THAT YOU'RE BEHIND THE RACKETS IN THIS DISTRICT!
SO WHAT?
SO FROM NOW ON YOU'LL DEAL WITH ME—THE HUMAN TORCH!
SLAP
SORRY, I CAN'T SAY IT WAS A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, ROGLO!
HE WENT THRU THE WINDOW!
THE TORCH SUBDUES HIS FLAME, AND—
THE TORCH AGAIN TURNS ON HIS FLAME, AND DEPARTS!

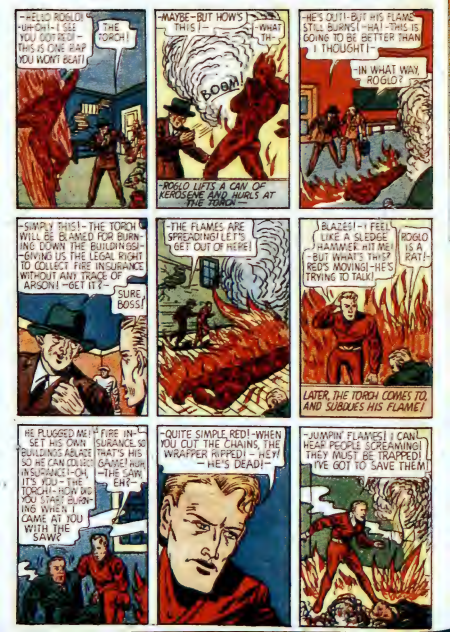
-AS FOR ROGLO, WE HAVE NO PROOF HE'S BACK OF ANY RACKET, KNOW -BUT EVERYTHING POINTS TO HIM!
THAT'LL
BUT ONE THING BOTHERS ME, AND THAT'S MY UNIFORM PROBLEM. -EVERYTIME MY FLAME IS ON, IT BURNS RIGHT OFF!
WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF THAT FROM NOW ON YOU'LL BE THE FIRST LEGAL OFFICER WITHOUT A UNIFORM!
-MEANWHILE-
GOOD! -BUT STILL, THE TORCH MUST BE RUBBED OUT!
-HERE'S THE FIRE INSURANCE POLICIES ON THAT NEW BLOCK OF BUILDINGS YOU TOOK OUT UNDER A DUMMY NAME, ROGLO!
THAT'S EASY TALK, ROGLO. -IT'S BEEN TRIED BEFORE, BUT-
-YEAH? -THIS TIME IT'S GOING TO BE DIFFERENT! -WHAT'S THIS? -HIS HAT! SAY- THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA!
-HELLO, POLICE? -I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO OFFICER WITH SHIELD NO. 23400! -I FOUND HIS HAT AND WISH TO RETURN IT! -YES, I'LL HOLD ON!
HELLO, THIS IS OFFICER HAMOND -YOU SAY YOU FOUND A HAT WITH MY SHIELD NUMBER?
-YES, AND IF YOU WANT IT BACK, MEET ME AT 339 DAWSON STREET!
-IT'S A TRAP, TORCH! -
-YES, ROGLO? -NO DOUBT- BUT -WHAT'S HIS GAME? - WHY IS HE SO ANXIOUS TO TRAP ME? -HE'S TOO BIG A MAN FOR PETTY REVENGE! -
-THERE MUST BE SOMETHING BIG ABOUT TO HAPPEN! -AND I'M GOING TO BE THERE!
WELL, THE CASE IS YOURS, TORCH!
-IS EVERYTHING SET FOR OUR FRIEND, THE TORCH?
YEAH! -ONCE INSIDE THE DOOR -HE'LL NEVER ESCAPE!
MEANWHILE-AT 339 DAWSON STREET

GOOD—WE CAN EXPECT THE SAP HIM OUT OF ANY MINUTE!—
—YEAH!—WITH THE WAY WE CAN GO AHEAD WITH YOUR PLANS, ROGLO!—
—AND HERE HE COMES!—HE'S CAUTIOUS AND SMELLS A TRAP!—I HOPE IT WORKS!
—IT DID!—HE PUT ON HIS FLAME JUST AS I THOUGHT HE WOULD!—SIGNAL THE MEN TO BE READY!—
RIGHT!
OUTSIDE, THE TORCH SENDS HIS BLAZING BODY INTO THE MODERN DOOR, SETTING IT ON FIRE!—
—JUST IN CASE THERE'S A RECEPTION COMMITTEE BEHIND THIS DOOR!—
—INSIDE THE HOUSE THE HEAT FROM THE TORCH'S BODY SETS OFF AUTOMATIC SPRINKLERS—THAT DOUSE HIS FLAMING BODY!—
WELL, I'LL BE—!
—THE SPRINKLERS PUT HIS FLAME OUT—GET HIM YOU PUNKS!
—MAKE SURE THE WRAPPER IS ON TIGHT OR HE'LL BUST INTO FLAME AGAIN!—
—DON'T WORRY—NOTHING CAN BREATH IN THIS!—
—TOO BAD I CAN'T STAY TO WITNESS YOUR DESTRUCTION, TORCH!—BUT I'M LATE NOW FOR A LECTURE ON SLUM CLEARANCE!—GOOD-BY, CHUMP!—YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS RED!—
RIGHT!

-OK! YO' GUYS START CARRYING IT DOWN TO THE CELLAR!-
SURE, RED!
-I GOT A PERMANENT CURE FOR THE TORCH DOWN HERE!-
-BUT FIRST, CHAIN HIM TO THE FURNACE AND MAKE SURE THOSE CHAINS ARE TIGHT!-
-WHAT NOW, RED?
YOU'LL FIND A PORTABLE BUZZ-SAW BEHIND THE COAL BIN- GET IT!
-HAH!- THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN!- SAWING THE TORCH IN HALF!-
-HERE IT IS! WANT ME TO START IT, RED?-
YEAH!
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, TORCH!
-IT CAN'T BE!- THE TORCH IS BLAZING AGAIN!-
CLOSER AND CLOSER THE WHIRLING BLADE COMES TOWARD THE TORCH!- THE CHAINS BECOME DUST UNDER THE SHARP TEETH OF THE SAW- THEN SUDDENLY-

-THE TORCH INSTANTLY MELTS HIS BONDS. DIVING AT THE SAWING MACHINE, REDUCES IT TO A LIQUID-AS REDS HENCHMEN OPEN FIRE!
LOOK!!! OUR GUNS!
-A WOBBLY STREAK OF FLAME IS THE TORCH'S ANSWER-BOTH MEN STARE AS THEY WATCH THEIR GUNS MELT!-
-I SAW RED SHOOT UP THE STAIRS!-I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE, QUICK!-
-TAKING A MIGHTY LEAP THE TORCH BURNS HIS WAY THRU FLOOR AFTER FLOOR WITH HIS BLAZING BODY!-
-NOW TO LAND BEFORE RED GETS AWAY!-
-AND FINALLY THRU THE ROOF!-
-THERE HE GOES!-
-I COULD STOP HIM EASILY -BUT LET THE SAP THINK HE MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE!-
-IT'S MY GUESS HE'LL LEAD ME STRAIGHT TO ROGLO!-

I WONDER WHY THE TORCH DIDN'T TRY TO STOP ME!
MAYBE HIS PLAN IS TO FOLLOW ME! HMM! BUT IN THIS RUSH TRAFFIC I'LL LOSE HIM EASILY!
AH!—NOT A SIGN OF HIM!—NOW TO SPILL THE BAD NEWS TO ROGLO!
ROGLO!—THE TORCH IS ON THE LOOSE!
WHAT?—YOU BLUNDERING FOOL!
THIS IS FOR LETTING HIM ESCAPE!
SO RED THOUGHT HE LOST ME IN THAT TRAFFIC JAM!—I SAW HIM GO IN THAT BUILDING!
AND HERE I GO! RIGHT THRU THE ROOF!
THAT'S THE WHOLE ONE HEAP FOR NOT FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS! NOW BURN THE KEROSENE LAMPS READY!—WE'RE GOING TO DO A LITTLE SLUM CLEARANCE!
WE DIDN'T GET INSURANCE, YOU DOPE! IT WOULD!—I'M THE BUILDING BELONG TO YOU!—WHY BURN 'EM DOWN!
OVER A MILLION AT STAKE!—NOW GO AND WORK WITH THE KEROSENE!


-HELLO ROGLO! UH-OH! I SEE YOU GOT RID OF THIS IS ONE RAP YOU WON'T BEAT!
THE TORCH!
-MAYBE - BUT HOW'S THIS!-
-WHAT TH-
BOOM!
-ROGLO LIFTS A CAN OF KEROSENE AND HURLS AT THE TORCH-
-HE'S OUT! - BUT HIS FLAMES STILL BURN! - HA! - THIS IS GOING TO BE BETTER THAN I THOUGHT!-
-IN WHAT WAY, ROGLO?
-SIMPLY THIS! - THE TORCH WILL BE BLAMED FOR BURNING DOWN THE BUILDING!! - GIVING US THE LEGAL RIGHT TO COLLECT FIRE INSURANCE WITHOUT ANY TRACE OF ARSON! - GET IT? -
SURE BOSS!
-THE FLAMES ARE SPREADING! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
-BLAZES! - I FEEL LIKE A FEDERAL HAMMER HIT ME! - BUT WHAT'S THIS? RED'S MOVING! - HE'S TRYING TO TALK!
ROGLO IS A RAT!-
LATER, THE TORCH COMES TO, AND SUBDUES HIS FLAME!
HE PLUGGED ME!? SET HIS OWN BUILDINGS ABLAZE SO HE CAN COLLECT INSURANCE!? OH, IT'S YOU - THE TORCH! - HOW DID YOU START BURNING WHEN I CAME AT YOU WITH THE SAW?
FIRE INSURANCE, SO THAT'S HIS GAME! HUH - THE TORCH, EH?
-QUITE SIMPLE, RED! - WHEN YOU CUT THE CHAINS, THE WRAPPER RIPPED! - HEY! - HE'S DEAD! -
-JUMPIN' FLAMES! I CAN HEAR PEOPLE SCREAMING! THEY MUST BE TRAPPED! I'VE GOT TO SAVE THEM!

-ROARING BLAZES! THE FLAME SPREAD TO THE ADJOINING BUILDING! THE WHOLE BLOCK'S AFIRE!-
-IN A FLASH, THE TORCH REACHES THE STREET!-
-WITH A MIGHTY LEAP AND YELL, THE TORCH SOARS OVER THE BLOCK, AND THE FLAMES FOLLOW THEIR MASTER!
-WHAT'S THIS BE LOW? -HMM, A RIVER AND A NEAT PLACE TO DUMP THE FLAMES!
DID YOU SEE THAT, ROCKO? YOU COULDN'T COLLECT A NICKEL'S WORTH OF INSURANCE NOW!
TO THE CAR! WE'VE GOT TO BEAT IT! -HURRY! THE TORCH! -HE SPOTTED US!
-THE DEVIL WITH TRAFFIC LIGHTS! -FASTER, THE TORCH IS AFTER US!-
-OKAY, BOSS! -HERE, DOC!
-AAH! -I'LL JUST FLIP MY ARM AND LET THIS SHEET OF FLAME DO ITS DUTY!-
-WHAT TH- IT CAN'T BE! THAT FLAME SHOT PAST OUR CAR -AND MELTED OUR FRONT WHEELS! -I CAN'T STOP HER! -

-AND HERE'S A FIRE-BALL FOR GOOD MEASURE, RATS!
-THE SUPER HEAT OF THE FIRE-BALL SPLITS THE STREET.
-THE TORCH THEN TURNS OFF HIS FLAME AND RUSHES FOR ROSS.
THAT'S FOR TRYING TO DO AWAY WITH ME!
-STOP! TAKE ME TO HEAD QUARTERS, I'LL CONFESS EVERYTHING!-
-AND THIS WILL BE ONE TIME POLICE WHEN ALL YOUR POLITICAL CLOUT WILL FAIL YOU BECAUSE I'M GOING TO BOOK YOU FOR MURDER!
HEY! WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT?-
IT'S A RIOT, I CALL-THE SUBMARINER IS WRECKING THE CITY!
LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS
THE TORCH FINDS EVERYONE RUNNING AROUND
-SUBMARINER?-WHO'S HE?-
??!
NEXT MONTH ANOTHER COMPLETE HUMAN TORCH PICTURE ACTION STORY

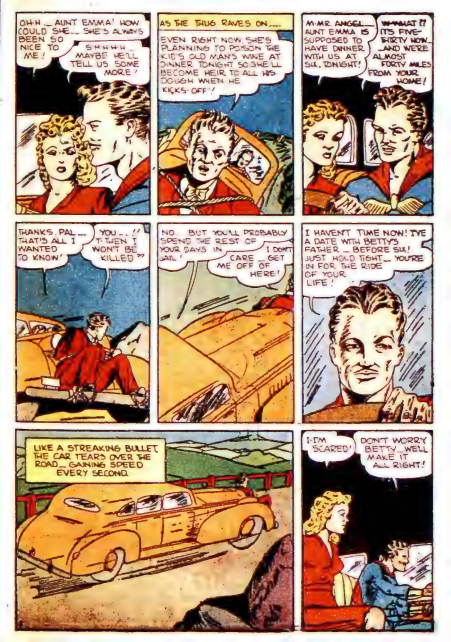
The ANGEL

master of men

AS THEY CRASH DOWNWARD, THE ANGEL CLAMPS HIS POWERFUL ARM ABOUT BETTY AND LEAPS FROM THE CAR...
.. BARELY CLEARING THE JAGGED ROCKS BELOW
IT'S ALL RIGHT BETTY... YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!
UB ... GLUB.. BLUB!
MEANWHILE — AT THE TOP OF THE CLIFFS —
YEAH! AN' NO ONE'S GONNA KNOW WHO DID IT!
IF ANYONE FINDS OUT — WE'LL HANG! WE'D BETTER STICK AROUND A MINUTE AN' MAKE SURE THEY'RE DONE FOR!
OKAY HANK!
WHILE THE MEN FROM THE SEDAN SCAN THE RAGING WATERS BELOW, THE ANGEL AND BETTY REACH THE TOP OF THE CLIFFS AGAIN
ALL-ALL RIGHT!
THEN.. THE ANGEL STEPS OUT INTO THE OPEN....

AT THE SOUND OF THE ANGEL'S VOICE THE BOYS TURN AND DRAW THEIR GUNS...
BUT ALL IS IN VAIN... THE ANGEL STREAKS THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING AND IS UPON THEM BEFORE THEY ARE ABLE TO PULL THE TRIGGERS.
JUST WHAT YOUR GAME IS I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I FIND OUT!
I'LL GET THE HANDS, LOU!
HERE'S ANOTHER PRESENT FOR YOU!
ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER... THE ANGEL'S BLOWS STRIKE AS RAPIDLY AS A MACHINE GUN, UNTIL THE BOYS FALL...
OKAY BUD... WHY DID YOU TRY TO KIDNAP AND KILL BETTY MARTIN?
I AIN'T TALKIN'!
MAYBE IT'D BETTER SQUEEZE IT OUT OF YOU!
UGH... I-R-R-R-R-R-R... I WON'T TALK!

I'M SURE...SO! SEE, I SEE! I THINK I KNOW WHAT WILL OPEN YOUR MOUTH!
YEAH?
A SHORT TIME LATER, THE ANGEL HAS THE BUS TIED IN FRONT OF THE CAR...
H-HEY... WATCHA GONNA DO?
YOU AND YOUR PAL ARE GOING FOR A RIDE ALONE AND YOUR PAL WILL BE IN THE BACK SEAT!
W-WHAT YOU'RE CRAZY... YOU AIN'T HUMAN!
NO ... NEITHER WERE YOU WHEN YOU THREW BETTY OUT OF THE CAR! LUCKILY, I WAS THERE TO SAVE HER!
THE ANGEL RELEASES THE BRAKE AND THE CAR STARTS ROLLING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.
S-SONG, BUD!
N-NO... NO... YOU CAN'T DO IT! I'LL TALK... I'LL TALK!
THE HEAVY SEDAN THUNDERS DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE, HEADING DIRECTLY FOR THE CLIFFS AT THE CURVE AHEAD.
T-THAT AUNT OF HERS, SHE MADE ME DO IT ... AN NOW I'M GONNA PAY FOR IT WITH MY LIFE!! THERE AIN'T NO JUSTICE!
HEY... HEY... I'LL TALK! H-HE DIDN'T HEAR ME ... I'LL BE KILLED!!
UNKNOWN TO THE THUG, THE ANGEL SLIPS INTO THE CAR AND MOVES BEHIND THE STEERING WHEEL!


OHHH — AUNT EMMA! HOW COULD SHE — SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN SO NICE TO ME!
SHHHH! MAYBE WE'LL TELL US SOME MORE!
AS THE TRIO RAVES ON....
EVEN RIGHT NOW SHE'S PLANNING TO POISON THE KID'S OLD MAN'S WINE AT DINNER TONIGHT SO SHE'LL BECOME HEIR TO ALL HIS DOUGH WHEN HE KICKS OFF!
M-MR. ANGEL — AUNT EMMA IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE DINNER WITH US AT SIX, TONIGHT!
WHAT!? IT'S FIVE-THIRTY NOW... AND WE'RE ALMOST 100 MILES FROM YOUR HOME!
THANKS, PAL — THAT'D ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!
YOU — " IF I EVEN T WON'T BE KILLED "
NO — BUT YOU'LL PROBABLY SPEND THE REST OF YOUR DAYS IN JAIL!
I DON'T CARE — GET ME OFF OF HERE!
I HAVEN'T TIME NOW! I'VE A DATE WITH BETTY'S FATHER — BEFORE SIX! JUST HOLD TIGHT — YOU'RE IN FOR THE RIDE OF YOUR LIFE!
LIKE A STREAKING BULLET, THE CAR TEARS OVER THE ROAD — GAINING SPEED EVERY SECOND.
I'M SCARED!
DON'T WORRY, BETTY — WE'LL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT!

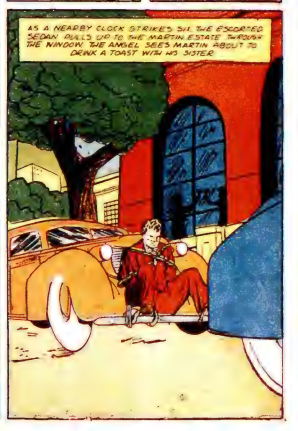
MINUTES FLY PAST QUICKLY AS THE CAR RACES AGAINST TIME ALMOST A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR
VROOM
W-WHAT ?? YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY WITH THAT STUFF, BUD!
C'MON, YOU... PULL OVER! W-WHY THE ANGEL // SAY... WHAT ARE YOU UP TO??
I'M GOING TO A MURDER." SAY, I NEED AN ESCORT!
SURE. WHERE TO AND WHEN?
HENRY MARTIN'S ESTATE ON LAKEVIEW DRIVE, BY SIX O'CLOCK.
W-WHAT ?? OKAY, PARTNER OPEN HER UP! WE'LL PICK UP A COUPLE OF MORE TROOPERS ON THE WAY!
IN A FLASH, THE TROOPER OPENS HIS SIREN AND PULLS UP IN FRONT OF THE SPEEDING CAR...

HOW MUCH TIME HAVE WE ??
ABOUT EIGHT MINUTES!

WOW! SAY... THAT WAS MIKE ANGIVING US THE SIGN TO BE SECRET SOMETHING MUST BE UP!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER TWO MORE TROOPERS ARE ESCORTING THE ANGEL...

MURDER AT SIX - ON LAKEVIEW DRIVE, KEEP EM WIDE OPEN!
OKAY— WE'RE OFF!


AS A NEARBY CLOCK STRIKES SIX THE ESCORTED SEDAN PULLS UP TO THE MARTIN ESTATE THROUGH THE WINDOW THE ANGEL SEES MARTIN ABOUT TO DRINK A TOAST WITH HIS SISTER

WE-WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT WE'VE ONLY A MINUTE LEFT!!

YES... YOU MIGHT ASK YOUR SISTER ABOUT IT BY THE WAY... BETTY IS STILL SAFE AND ON HER WAY IN! YOU NEEDN'T ACT SO NERVOUS... IT'S ALL OVER AND THE POLICE ARE WAITING FOR YOU!

SEEING THAT HER PLAN HAD FAILED, MARTIN'S SISTER RUNS OUT OF THE DOOR ONTO THE TERRACE.
WAIT—THE POLICE HAVE ORDERS TO SHOOT ANYONE WHO TRIES TO LEAVE!

ANOTHER EPISODE of The ANGEL WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

PRINCE NAMOR, the
SUB-MARINER
BILL EVERETT
NAMOR, YOU HAVE BEEN CHEATED AND MISTREATED BY THE TREACHEROUS AMERICANS. WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO ABOUT IT?
SIR, I SHALL RETURN TO NEW YORK CITY, AND DESTROY THE ENTIRE CONTINENT, USING THE METROPOLIS AS MY CENTRAL BASE!
WELL SPOKEN, LAD! I PLACE AT YOUR COMMAND THE ENTIRE NAVAL FLEET, AND SHALL BESTOW UPON YOU ANY AID THAT YOU REQUEST.
THANK YOU, YOUR HIGHNESS, BUT I SHALL NOT NEED AID. THIS IS A SELFISH GRUDGE, AND THERE IS NO REASON YET TO MAKE AN INTERNATIONAL SITUATION OF IT. WHEN THE TIME IS RIPE, OUR PEOPLE WILL STEP IN AND TAKE OVER. IN THE MEANTIME I SHALL CLEAR THE WAY!

IN HIS PRIVATE AERIAL-SUBMARINE, NAMOR SPEEDS NORTH LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING DEEP IN THE SUB-SEA
THE BEST PLAN, I THINK, IS TO LEAVE THE SHIP BELOW SURFACE, SOMEWHERE IN THE HARBOR, WHERE IT CAN'T POSSIBLY BE DISCOVERED, AND SWIM ASHORE ALONE
THIS OUGHT TO BE NEAR ENOUGH— THE SHIP'LL BE SAFE HERE.
AH, THE STATUE OF LIBERTY! LIBERTY— HUH! THEY'LL NOT KNOW WHAT LIBERTY MEANS WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH THEM. I'LL CONQUER THIS NATION AND ENSLAVE ALL IT'S PEOPLE. I'LL BE EMPEROR OF AMERICA, AND MAKE THESE PEOPLE PAY FOR WHAT THEY HAVE DONE TO ME!
THIS'LL BE A GOOD PLACE TO START!
HEY YOU!— GIT OFFA THAT WALL! WHERE D'YA THINK YER GOIN?
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, STUPID!
NAMOR'S MIGHTY FIST SMASHES THE GUARD'S JAW.

THIS'LL BE JUST THE PLACE TO MAKE MY HEADQUARTERS!

ALL THIS? MY KINGDOM!!!

FROM NOW ON, THIS IS MY CASTLE!

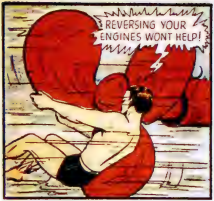
--HE'S A MANIAC! THINKS HE'S KING OF THE WORLD, OR SOMETHING! FER GOSH SAKES, GIT OVER HERE QUICK!

I'LL SEND THE RIOT SQUAD AT ONCE--KEEP HIM UP THERE!

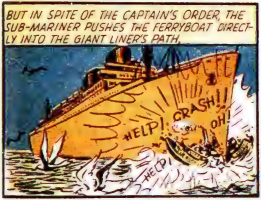
MAYBE IT'S THE SUB-MARINER!
I SURE HOPE NOT!

RETURNING TO HIS LOOK-OUT ATOP THE STATUE, NAMOR STANDS ON THE TORCH, AND SEES·····
I'VE HAD DEALINGS WITH THESE STUPID POLICEMEN BEFORE--THEY AMUSE ME!
3

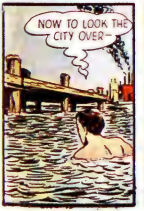
THEY'LL NEVER LEAVE!
THERE HE GOES, LADS! LET HIM HAVE IT!!
COMING TO THE SURFACE SOME DISTANCE FROM THE HARBOUR PATROL, NAMOR SEES.....
A FERRYBOAT!
THIS WILL SURPRISE THEM!
SO MUCH FOR THAT!
NAMOR BREACHES THE RUDDER
AND IN THE FERRYBOAT'S WHEELHOUSE....
SOMETHING'S WRONG, SIR!
WATCH OUT FOR THAT LINER, FOOL!
HARD A-PORT, EVANS, SIR!
I-I CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITH HER, SIR - SHE WON'T RESPOND! IF WE'LL CRASH IF SHE DON'T PULL OUT RIGHT NOW!


REVERSING YOUR ENGINES WONT HELP!

AND ON THE LINER—
FULL SPEED ASTERN!!!
WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

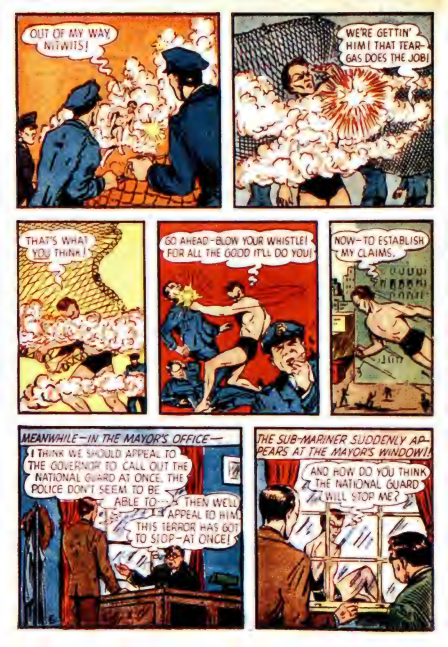

BUT IN SPITE OF THE CAPTAIN'S ORDER, THE SUB-MARINER PUSHES THE FERRYBOAT DIRECTLY INTO THE GIANT LINER'S PATH.
CRASH!!
HELP!
OH!
HELP!

MAYBE THEY'LL SOON LEARN TO RESPECT ME!


NOW TO LOOK THE CITY OVER—

UNSEEN BY NAMOR, POLICE SQUAD CARS, EQUIPPED WITH THE STEEL ANIMAL NET AND TEAR GAS BOMBS, RUSH TO CAPTURE HIM.
PERHAPS THE MAYOR WILL LISTEN TO REASON.

SO— THEY THINK THEY CAN TRAP ME! — HA!

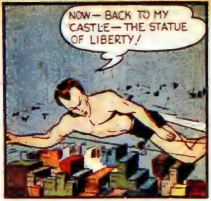

OUT OF MY WAY NITWITS!
WE'RE GETTIN' HIM! THAT TEAR-GAS DOES THE JOB!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
GO AHEAD—BLOW YOUR WHISTLE! FOR ALL THE GOOD IT'LL DO YOU!
NOW—TO ESTABLISH MY CLAIMS.
MEANWHILE—IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE—
I THINK WE SHOULD APPEAL TO THE GOVERNOR TO CALL OUT THE NATIONAL GUARD AT ONCE. THE POLICE DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO—
THEN WE'LL APPEAL TO HIM. THIS TERROR HAS GOT TO STOP—AT ONCE!
THE SUB-MARINER SUDDENLY APPEARS AT THE MAYOR'S WINDOW!
AND HOW DO YOU THINK THE NATIONAL GUARD WILL STOP ME?

GET OUT OF HERE YOU CROOK! YOU BUM!
HAH! I COULD BREAK YOU IN HALF IF I WANTED BUT YOU'LL BE MORE USEFUL TO ME ALIVE!
USEFUL TO YOU? I'LL---
HEY—STOP! HE'LL KILL YOU!
---SHOW YOU HOW I'LL BE USEFUL!!
NOW MAYBE YOU'LL LISTEN!
I'M GOING TO RULE THIS COUNTRY BEFORE I'M THROUGH AND NEITHER YOU NOR THE NATIONAL GUARD NOR YOUR ARMY CAN DO A THING ABOUT IT! SO-IF YOU VALUE THE LIVES AND PROPERTY OF YOUR CITIZENS YOU'LL NOT TRY TO STOP ME!!
ALL RIGHT—I'VE LISTENED TO YOU NOW—LISTEN TO ME! HELLO—GET ME THE GOVERNOR! I'M GOING TO CALL OUT THE NATIONAL GUARD!
OH THAT'S YOUR ANSWER EH? WELL YOU'VE ASKED---
FOR TROUBLE AND YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT!

NUMBSKULLS! I'LL SHOW THEM!
AH! AN ELEVATED TRAIN!
THIS MIGHT TEACH THE FOOLS!
THE SUB-MARINER RIPS OUT A SECOND PILLAR AND--
THE 'EL' CRASHES!

NOW WHAT?
AH! THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!
SO—THEY'RE PROUD OF THIS, ARE THEY?
THEN MAYBE—
—THIS—
—WILL IMPRESS THEM!!
CRASH!

MEANWHILE-IN THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE!
MISS DEAN—SOMETHING HAS GOT TO BE DONE. YOU ARE THE ONLY PERSON WHO MIGHT INFLUENCE THIS MADMAN.
I DON'T KNOW COMMISSIONER. AFTER THE WAY WE LET HIM DOWN BUT I'LL TRY.


NOW—BACK TO MY CASTLE—THE STATUE OF LIBERTY!

THE SUB-MARINER'S ATTRACTION FOR BETTY PROVES TOO STRONG TO RESIST, AND—
BETTY DEAN! I SHOULD IGNORE HER—BUT—

OH—NAMOR! WHY MUST YOU DO THIS?
HAH! YOU SHOULD ASK THAT!

PLEASE—PLEASE GO HOME. LET US LIVE IN PEACE! I'M AFRAID—FOR YOU, NAMOR!
AFRAID! FOR ME?

YES. THE HUMAN TORCH IS NOW A MEMBER OF OUR POLICE FORCE!
I'VE HEARD OF HIM. SO YOU THINK THAT LITTLE FLAME OF HIS CAN HURT ME? HAH!

OH—OH NAMOR!
TELL YOUR PEOPLE I'M NOT THROUGH—AND AS FOR THE TORCH—LET HIM COME!

THE
MASKED
RAIDER
ONCE AGAIN THE BLAZING GUNS OF THE MYSTERIOUS MASKED RAIDER ROAR IN DEADLY DEFIANCE AS HE RUNS HEAD-ON INTO A GANG OF GUN SLINGERS.

NAT PARKER AND HIS SON ARE HEADED FOR THEIR RANCH, UNAWARE THAT—
I HATE TO THINK WHAT THEM CUSSED CRITTERS'LL DO NEXT!
-MASKED BANDITS AWAIT THEM AT THE BEND—
PUSH 'EM AS THEY COME AROUND!
AS THE BANDITS RUSH OUT—
PULL UP THERE!
HEY!
-THE MASKED RAIDER DISGUISED AS A COW BOY SUDDENLY APPEARS—
LET'S GO COMPANIO!

AND, GUNS BLAZING, THUNDERS TO THE PARKER'S AID.
UNDER FURIOUS FIRE, THE HOLD-UP GANG GIVES GROUND. BUT—
COME ON! BACK OF THEM ROCKS!
—THEY WINS NAT PARKER,—
—AND BADLY WOUNDS THE BOY BEFORE—
—THEY RIDE AWAY!
WE PLUGGED PARKER!
THEY SEE CLIPPED BRUCHER IS THE BOY ALIVE?
YES—I'LL GET KID BACK TO A DOCTOR
THE MASKED RAIDER NOTICES THE BRAND ON A DEAD HORSE LEFT BY THE OUTLAWS
THE BAR-Y "HY-WAY"

THEY RACE MADLY TO SAVE THE BOY'S LIFE.
AS THE DOCTOR DRESSES THE BOY'S WOUNDS—
HELL BE ALL RIGHT, NAT.
—THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR, AND THE MARSHAL ENTERS.
WHERE'S THAT KILLER DOC?
WHAT'S YOUR TROUBLE, MARSHAL?
YORE UNDER ARREST FOR SHOOTIN' THAT BOY!
PARKER TRIES TO HELP THE RAIDER BUT THE MARSHAL ISN'T CONVINCED—
WHY, MARSHAL, MR PARKER KNOWS—
I DON'T THINK HE WOULD DO THEY GANG, MARSHAL.
—AND, UNABLE TO PROVE HIS INNOCENCE, THE RAIDER IS TAKEN TO JAIL.
WHY DON'T YOU ADMIT YUH SHOT 'EM?
JUST TO CLEAN YUH

THAT NIGHT THE MASKED RAIDER RAINS HIS ESCAPE A SHRILL WHISTLE SUMMONS LIGHTNING AND
EASY NOW, LIGHTNING!
STEERING AGAINST THE BRACE, LIGHTNING RIPS OUT THE BAR
GOOD BOY!
THE RAIDER ESCAPES, PUTTING ON HIS MASK, HE
WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY LIGHTNING, OR OUR FRIEND PARKER—
MIGHT FIND SOME TROUBLE TOO, BUT FOR HIM TO HANDLE!
AT PARKER'S RANCH THE RAIDER EXPLAINS WHO HE IS
WHAT DO YOU WANT STRANGER?
WHAT WAS BACK OF THAT RAID?
PARKER DESCRIBES THE MASKED BANDIT'S ACTIVITIES.
FIRST, THEY RAIDED MY CATTLE, THEN THEY STOLE MY HORSES, THEN THEY KILLED MY RANCH HANDS—
AS PARKER RECOUNTS HIS TROUBLES A MAN SUDDENLY APPEARS AT THE WINDOW AND

SOMEBODY'S TRYIN TO GET YOU, STRANGER!
QUICK! THE DOOR!
GOT AWAY! I'VE AN IDEA! BUT
I THINK I KNOW WHERE TO PICK UP THAT GANG'S TRAIL!
I'D BE MIGHTY GRATEFUL IF YOU WOULD!
I'M GOING TO FOLLOW UP A CERTAIN BRAND I SAW TODAY!
THE MASKED RAIDER RACES SWIFTLY ACROSS THE PLAINS TOWARD THE BAR-Y.
AS HE PROWLS ABOUT THE BAR-Y RANCH HAND SEES HIM AND—
—LUNGES ONTO THE MASKED RAIDER'S BACK!
GOT YUH!

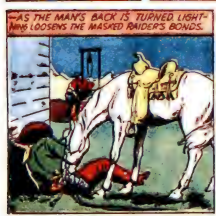
WHAT ARE YUH DOIN' AROUND HERE?

THE RAIDER BREAKS LOOSE, AND LANDS A PUNCH OR TWO—
YOU MISERABLE COYOTE!

A SECOND HAND SNEAKS UP FROM BEHIND AND—

TEMPORARILY STUNNED THE RAIDER IS TIED UP.
GUESS HE'LL KILL TH' BOSS GITS BACK.

A SHORT WHILE LATER THE RAIDER SEES LIGHTNING, AND
GET ME A DRINK, WILL YOU, PARD!


AS THE MAN'S BACK IS TURNED LIGHTNING LOOSENS THE MASKED RAIDER'S BONDS.

THE GUARD SEES WHAT HAPPENED—BUT TOO LATE—
NICE WORK, LIGHTNING!

THAT OUGHT TO HOLD YOU!
SEE HOW YOU LIKE THIS!
THE RAIDER FINDS THE BAR-Y RANCH HOUSE DESERTED.
THEY'RE ALL GONE!
COME ON LIGHTNIN'! THEY MUST HAVE GONE TO PARKER'S!
THE MASKED RAIDER SEES A RAGING FIRE IN THE DISTANCE.
THERE'S TROUBLE WAITIN FOR US LIGHTNING!
PARKER'S RANCH HOUSE IS ABLAZE!
PARKER IS CORNERED IN HIS BURNING HOUSE.
THE GANG RUNS FOR SHELTER AS THE RAIDER CHARGES INTO THEM.
IT'S THE MASKED RAIDER!

CLOSE IN ON 'EM, PARKER!
THEY CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!
KEEP SHOOTING!
THE GANG LEADER'S LAST MAN DROPS.
THE LEADER SURRENDERS AND— IT'S THE MARSHAL!
YOU!
THE HOUSE WAS BEYOND SAVING, BY THE TIME THEY HAD SUBDUED THE KILLERS.
GUESS THERE AIN'T NO USE IN TRYIN' TO STOP HER, STRANGER.
NO, I'M AFRAID NOT.
AND THE MARSHAL HAD TRIED TO PIN A CRIME ON THE MASKED RAIDER!
SO- YOU'RE THE BRAINS BACK OF THOSE RATS!
I GUESS I'VE GOT THE DROP ON ME, MASKED MAN!
PARKER NEVER KNEW HE HAD PAY DIRT RIGHT UNDER HIS NOSE.
WE NEVER KNEW YOUR RANCH WAS RICH IN MINERALS.
WHAT?
WELL, MR PARKER, GUESS YOU'RE THROUGH.
I SURE OWE A HEAP TO YOU, STRANGER!
ANOTHER MASKED RAIDER STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS.

BLASTING BOMBERS!

A Yankee Flyer Takes a Hand When He Sees a Helpless Air Force Attacked By a Bully!

By David C. Cooke

THE war had no more than started. At noon that day the Red horde struck for the first time at Vinland, driving past the flimsily-guarded border with thousands and thousands of well-trained troops and tanks. But the small Vinn army was putting up a gallant front. It had already destroyed scores of tanks with well-placed traps, and the Nussian troops were being blasted sky-high by land mines that had been planted at strategic positions.

But even though the infantry was holding back the enemy, Sinki was deathly afraid of an air raid. As soon as the first news of the invasion clicked through the wires, the women and children had been removed to safer sections of the snow-covered countryside.

LOU HERBERT strolled aimlessly through the almost deserted streets of Sinki. He was in a dilemma. Here he was, an American airplane salesman, who should in all rights be neutral. But, after all, being a Yank made the thought of conquest of a small nation even more difficult to swallow.

He suddenly turned with deliberation, took his hands from his pockets, and walked rapidly in the direction from where he had come. "Like the devil!" he said to himself. "Maybe our Ambassador will, haw! me out, but I'm going to take a hand in this anyway!"

Lou hailed a cab at the main street and instructed the driver to take him to the airport as rapidly as possible. And since there were very few cars on the streets, the driver opened his throttle wide and roared through the city at a high speed.

When they reached the airport, the klaxons were already blasting. Lou understood the language, and heard the men yelling that a flight of Nussian bombers had been sighted crossing the border. Lou paid the driver, legged it from the cab, and ran rapidly toward the hangar that housed his sleek low-wing Hoffman fighter.

He knew that he had no official sanction to participate in an air battle, so he waited until the Vinn planes had taken off. Then he gunned his Hoffman, sped down the field at full throttle, motor thundering more rapidly, and hoiked into the air. He spied the Vinn fighters in the distance, and he pointed the nose of his ship for altitude, heading in the same direction as the defender's planes.

THE Nussian airplanes were sighted just outside the limits of Sinki. They were heavy bombers of the Gorki type, and were flying very slowly because of the "eggs" that they carried.

The flight of Vinn ships attacked the Red raiders in groups, and almost immediately two of the bombers burst into flames and started to spiral toward the earth in wide circles. The air was alive with tension as machine gun tracers spat and crossed in their mad paths of destruction.

"Well, here I go!" exclaimed Lou, throwing his throttle forward and souping up his engine. "It looks like these fellows are doing all right by themselves, but I'm going to put my two cents in, too!" The big engine up front sang in a burst of power and the American fighter plunged through the low-hanging clouds like a bolt of lightning.

Lou fastened himself on the tail of one of the bombers, glued his eye to his gun sight, and pressed hard on his stick buttons. Four streams of cupro-nickel slugs spat from his machine guns and hurtled through the air at the ship. The bullets weaved a crazy line up the fuselage, and then the ship went out of control. They reached the cockpit and buried in the pilot's back. The ship seemed to stagger a moment, when it pointed up at a crazy angle before its plunge of death. But as it nosed down, another Nussian plane appeared directly beneath, and the two ships crashed head-on.

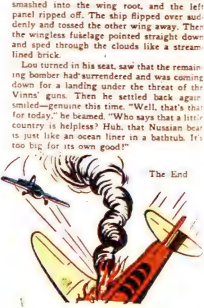
A GARGANTUAN explosion ripped the two heavies. The two ships scattered parts into the wind, which slammed full blast into another bomber and threw it out of control.

A murderous smile played around Lou's lips as he turned toward another Red ship. Now there were only three left. The Vinns had done good work and had not even lost one ship. And as the Yank looked, another bomber exploded from the defender's bullets. Two left!

Lou turned on one that was trying to flee left the other for the Vinns. He pulled up under the ship—to be met by a hail of lead from the bomber's rear gun. Herbert hastily pulled into a chandelle, screwed up over the ship, and then swooped down in a thunderous dive. He let go with all his guns, and broke in his cannon for good luck.

The slugs buried in the bomber's turtle-deck, sending metal flying from the ship, and then the big shells hit! A salvo of them smashed into the wing root, and the left panel ripped off. The ship flipped over suddenly and tossed the other wing away. Then the wingless fuselage pointed straight down and sped through the clouds like a streamlined brick.

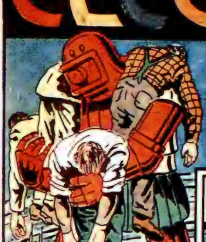
Lou turned in his seat, saw that the remaining bomber had surrendered and was coming down for a landing under the threat of the Vinns' guns. Then he settled back again, smiled—genuine this time. "Well, that's that for today," he beamed. "Who says that a little country is helpless? Huh, that Nussian bear is just like an ocean liner in a bathtub. It's too big for its own good!"



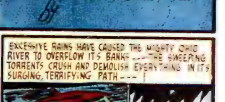
ELECTRO

THE MARVEL OF THE AGE

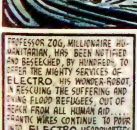
STEVE DAGGMAN



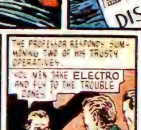
EXCESSIVE RAINS HAVE CAUSED THE MIGHTY OHIO RIVER TO OVERFLOW ITS BANKS --- THE SWEEPING TORRENTS CRUSH AND DEMOLISH EVERYTHING IN ITS SURGING, TERRIFYING PATH ---



PROFESSOR ZOG, MILLIONAIRE HUMANITARIAN, HAS BEEN NOTIFIED AND BESEECHED, BY HUNDREDS, TO USE THE MIGHTY SERVICES OF ELECTRO, HIS WONDER-ROBOT, IN RESCUING THE SUFFERING AND HOMELESS REFUGEES, OUT OF REACH FROM ALL HUMAN AID. FRANTIC WIRES CONTINUE TO POUR INTO ELECTRO HEADQUARTERS



THE PROFESSOR RESPONDS SUMMONING TWO OF HIS TRUSTY OPERATIVES.



ELECTRO RANSACKS HOMES, UNDER THE OPERATOR'S EXPERT GUIDANCE, AND TEARS APART OBSTRUCTIONS, WITH UNBELIEVABLE EASE !

CRACK

NOT A SINGLE PERSON IS MISSED UNDER THE SCRUTINIZING TELEVISION LENS ON ELECTRO'S HEADPIECE, THE TWO OPERATORS, IN THE PLANE, HIGH ABOVE THE MELEE, SEE EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY OF THE DEBRIS, AS IT IS TRANSMITTED TO THEIR TELEVISION SCREEN ---

LOOK ! A WOMAN'S ARM IN THAT WRECKAGE !

TOWN AFTER TOWN IS THUS COVERED. THE WEARY OPERATORS TAKE TURNS IN DIRECTING ELECTRO IN THIS GIGANTIC RESCUE WORK -- DAY AND NIGHT UNCEASINGLY, THIS CONTINUES --

THEIR TANKS ARE RE-FUELED, IN THE AIR, FROM ANOTHER PLANE --

BELOW, GRATEFUL SUFFERERS SING HIGH PRAISES OF THIS MAGNIFICENT WONDER-MACHINE, AS SUFFERING IS ALLEVIATED AND LIVES ARE SAVED !

IT'S ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE !

SOBBING MOTHERS REGAIN THEIR LITTLE ONES -- AND FATHERS OFFER SILENT PRAYERS OF THANKFULNESS --

EVERYONE EXPRESSES AWE AND AMAZEMENT AT THIS 8TH WONDER OF THE WORLD -- AS MIRACLES OF SUPER-STRENGTH ARE DONE BEFORE THEIR EYES !

ELECTRO CARRIES A SHACK FULL OF STARTLED PEOPLE OUT OF DANGER ---

MEANWHILE IN AN INLAND CITY A GROUP OF SINISTER MEN ARE PUTTING EVIL UNDERTAKINGS — ITS "BOSS" SARPO, INFAMOUS OUTLAW AND HIS GANG OF RUTHLESS HENCHMEN.
I'VE GOT A SWELL IDEA ! WE CAN GET RICH THROUGH THIS FLOOD DISASTER !
THERE'S A NUMBER OF CITIES ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT POLICE PROTECTION DURING THE HIGH-WATER — NOBODY'S GUARDIN' TH' BANKS AND STORES !
IT'S A SWELL ANGLE, BOSS! — WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR?
A BANK IS LOOTED — A CROOK IN DIVING EQUIPMENT REACHES THE SUBMERGED SAFE —
— AND HANDS BOXES OF MONEY TO HIS PARTNERS IN A MOTOR BOAT —
OKAY, JOE. WE'LL TAKE TH' FIRST NATIONAL NEXT !
ANOTHER BANDIT MOTORBOAT DRAWS UP TO A PARTIALLY FLOODED STORE —
REALIZING THE CROOKS' MOTIVE, THE OWNER OPENS FIRE FROM THE ROOF-TOP
HE IS RIDDLED WITH MACHINE GUN BULLETS !

JUST AS THE BANDITS ARE LOADING UP MORE STOLEN FUNDS, THEIR FIRE IS DRAWN BY SEVERAL OF THE LOCAL CITIZENS.....
RIFLE FIRE MINGLES WITH THE RATTLE OF SUB-MACHINE GUNS — THE DIN IS TERRIFIC !!!
THE BOATS DRIFT CLOSER IN THE SWIRLING TIDES, AND A HAND TO HAND STRUGGLE TAKES PLACE ON THE ROOFTOP !
THE LAST OF THE HEROIC CITIZENS FALLS INTO A WATERY GRAVE !
C'MAWN RED ! WE'RE THROUGH HERE — NOW FOR TH' NEXT TOWN !
WITH THEIR ILL-GOTTEN GAINS THE OUTLAW CARAVAN SPEEDS TO A NEIGHBORING TOWN . . .
THE DESPERADOES USE ELECTRIC DRILLS TO BREAK DOWN OBSTRUCTIONS . . .
I'LL BE THROUGH DIS WALL IN A JIFFY BOSS!
BUILDINGS ARE DESTROYED WITH DYNAMITE !

A COMPANY OF VIGILANTES GATHER ON A ROOF-TOP.
MEN - WE MUST STOP THESE MURDERING OUTLAWS ! ! ! THE TOWN IS BEING RUINED !
THEY SHOVE OFF IN ROW-BOATS AND ADVANCE ON THE PLUNDERERS . . .
LOOK, "BOSS" - HERE COMES MORE TROUBLE !
WITH A SHRILL WHISTLE SARPO SUMMONS ALL HIS GANGSTERS . . .
WHEE!
GIVE 'EM ALL YA GOT, MEN !
THE TWO GROUPS BATTLE FURIOUSLY -- SOON THE SCENE RESEMBLES AN INFERNO, AS A BARRAGE OF SARPO'S HAND GRENADES ROCK NEARBY BUILDINGS
OVERHEAD IN THEIR PLANE, THE ELECTRO OPERATORS SEE THE FIERCE MELEE . . .
LOOK, JIM ! WE'LL HAVE TO HELP THOSE TOWNSMEN !
HE DIRECTS THE WONDER-ROBOT . . .
ELECTRO - ATTACK THOSE BANDITS !
ELECTRO RESPONDS - - - -
SARPO'S OUTLAWS ARE SUDDENLY HORRIFIED AT THE SIGHT OF THE CHARGING ELECTRO . . . .
THEY TRAIN THEIR HIGH-POWERED RIFLES ON HIM. BUT - - - -

DESPITE A HEAVY BOMBARMENT OF HAND-GRENADES AND BULLETS, ELECTRO KEEPS COMING !

SARPO'S GANGSTERS ARE HASTILY GATHERED IN VISE-LIKE ARMS . . .

MEANWHILE SARPO HAS ELUDED THE "IRON-MAN" — HE EDGES ALONG ON A LEDGE WITHIN THE BUILDING . . .

HE PLACES A CHARGE OF DYNAMITE UNDER SOME BRICKS, IN A CORNER — AND LIGHTS THE FUSE — THEN HASTILY RETREATS !

THAT'LL FINISH MR. ELECTRO FOR ALL TIME !

PUFF

DIRECTLY BELOW, ELECTRO IS PICKING IT THE LAST OF THE GANG

THERE IS A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION — THE WHOLE BUILDING COLLAPSES ON TOP OF ELECTRO !

BOOM!

SARPO HURRIES TO THE MOTOR-BOAT — WHICH IS LOADED WITH THE STOLEN MONEY BOXES . . .

— AND WITH MOTOR ROARING, FLEES FROM THE SCENE OF HIS CRIMES . . .

ON THE OPPOSITE BANK A COMPANY OF MILITIA MARCHES TOWARD THE TOWN — THEY DON'T NOTICE THE FLEEING SARPO . . .

BACK IN THE TOWN, THE HUGE MOUNTAIN OF BRICKS BEGINS TO MOVE !!!
LIKE AN ERUPTING VOLCANO, BRICKS FLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS AND ELECTRO EMERGES !!!
HAVING SIGHTED THE FLEEING SARPO THE ELECTRO OPERATORS DIRECT THE WONDER-ROBOT TO PURSUE.
IN THE MEANTIME, SARPO HAS DOCKED HIS BOAT AND WITH THE HELP OF A DISHONEST ACQUAINTANCE, WHO IS A ZOO-KEEPER, HE CARRIES AWAY THE LOOT.
WILD BODY
JUST AS THE LAST BOX IS UNLOADED ELECTRO ARRIVES...
YE GODS ! IT'S THAT THING !
WAIT-I HAVE AN IDEA ! WE'LL TURN THE WILD ELEPHANTS LOOSE !
CUTTING GREAT ROPES THEY FREE THE MONSTER ELEPHANTS !!!
ELECTRO IS SWUNG HIGH, IN THE GRIP OF THE HUGE BEASTS TRUNK!

AND WITH A TERRIFIC SWING HE IS CRASHED AGAINST THE BUILDING!
INSIDE OF ELECTRO THE MECHANISM HUMS LOUDLY AS ADDED POWER IS GENERATED...
THE MAMMOTH CREATURE IS WHIRLED IN THE AIR WITH UNBELIEVABLE EASE!
AND SENT HURTLING AGAINST IT'S CHARGING MATE!
ELECTRO SMASHES THROUGH A WALL, AND CAPTURES THE TWO CRIMINALS.
THE MILITIA AWAITS TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE CAPTIVES...
HERE COMES ELECTRO WITH THOSE CROOKS!
ELECTRO COMPLETES THE RESCUE OF ALL FLOOD VICTIMS.
THE TIMES = ELECTRO SAVES THOUSANDS
I'LL HAVE MY MEN KILL THIS PROFESSOR ZOG AND GAIN CONTROL OF THIS BLASTED ELECTRO — WITH IT I SHALL BECOME THE SUPREME RULER OF THE UNDERWORLD IN ALL AMERICA!
MEANWHILE, "BOSS" SARPO, THE MOST POWERFUL LEADER IN ORGANIZED GANGDOM GOES TO PRISON — HOWEVER, HIS CRUEL MIND IS PLOTTING MEANS OF RUTHFUL VENGEANCE!
WILL SARPO'S EVIL PLANS COME TRUE
?
WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO PROFESSOR ZOG AND ELECTRO
?
READ THE NEXT SMASHING EPISODE OF ELECTRO IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!
8

FERRET
SUBWAY
MYSTERY DETECTIVE
BY
A SUBWAY TRAIN ROARS INTO A STATION......
AS FERRET CLIMBS THE STAIRS A WOMAN IN FRONT OF HIM TRIPS.
ARE YOU HURT MISS?
OHHH! MY ANKLE! I THINK IT'S BROKEN!
I'LL SEND YOU HOME IN THE TAXI

HELLO DUKE, WHY THE TRIAD?
RATHER NEAT, DON'T YOU THINK?
THE TAXI STOPS FOR A RED LIGHT AND-
FERRET MAKES A BREAK!
NOT SO FAST, MISTER!
QUICK! GET HIM BACK IN THE CAB!
HE'S JUST HAD A LITTLE TOO MUCH TO DRINK, OFFICER
NO MORE TRICKS, FERRET!
MERRY BATTY! I CAN'T WAIT TILL I GET THIS FELLOW IN A QUIET PLACE!

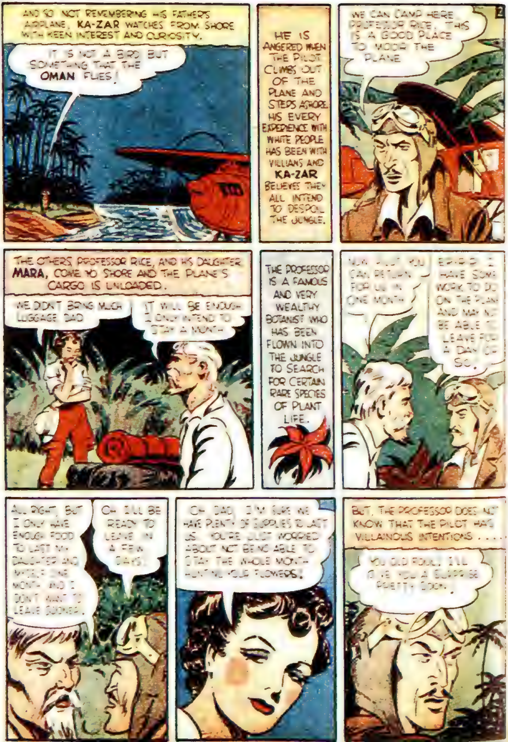
JUST COOL OFF IN THERE, MASTERMIND!
WHO-WHO ARE YOU?
YES, I'VE BEEN HELD HERE A PRISONER FOR A WEEK!
BUT I HEARD YOUR FATHER HAD PAID THE RANSOM MONEY TWO DAYS AGO!
SHERLOCK!
YOU'RE CRAZY!
OH IS THAT SO?

WHAT?!
GIVE ME A CRACK AT HIM, DUKE!
NO!
HOLD YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND?
WE'RE THIS'LL CONVINCE YOU!
HE'S OUT COLD!
WE DON'T NEED THIS GUYS DOWN! LETS GET OUT OF TOWN!
MALF CONSCIOUS, FERRET LISTENS...
WE'LL JUST HANG OUR MASKS IN EVERY STORE FRONT FROM HERE TO PERSO! WELL RUB OUT FERRET AND THE GIRL, AND LEAVE 'EM HERE WITH GUNS IN THEIR HANDS IT'LL LOOK LIKE A DOUBLE KILLIN!
THE COPS IS SMALL DUKE, BUT WHAT BOTHER WITH HIS DOUGH?
IF YOU GET THAT CHECK SIGNED, IT'LL BE JUST LIKE FINDING FATTY DOUGHNUTS IN THE STREET!
GRAB HIS FEET BATTY! I'LL GET THAT SIGNATURE!

YOU WON'T SLIP OUT OF THESE BONDS, BOY FRIEND!
DRIP!
THE STEADY DRIPPING OF WATER ON THE TOP OF THE HEAD—AN OLD CHINESE TORTURE—HAS DRIVEN MANY A MAN INSANE.
FERRET WHISTLES SOFTLY, AND—
HIS FAITHFUL PET, NOSEY, COMES TO HIS AID
I HOPE THE GIRL IS STILL ALIVE!
IN A FEW MOMENTS FERRET'S BONDS ARE CUT, AND—
HE TRACES VOICES DOWNSTAIRS—
HOW MUCH LONGER?

UNARMED AND OUTNUMBERED, FERRET DECIDES TO TAKE A DESPERATE CHANCE
HE LEAPS DOWN-
FERRET!
-AND OVERPOWERS THE KIDNAPERS!
FERRET RETRIEVES A GUN, AND-
DON'T TURN ME OVER TO THE POLICE! I'M NOT ONE OF THEM! THEY MADE ME DO IT!
BRODERICK
STRUCK THE MATCH TOWARDS YOU LIKE A MAN
A WOMAN
BRILLIANT CAST FOR YOUR LINEUP
FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF FERRET IN NEXT MONTHS ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS

ADVENTURES OF
KA-ZAR
THE GREAT
• FROM THE FAMOUS CHARACTER CREATED BY BOB BYRD •
KA-ZAR, A WHITE MAN RAISED IN THE WILD BELGIAN CONGO BY ZAR, THE LION, AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS PARENTS WHEN HE WAS A SMALL CHILD, HAS ASSUMED THE ROLE OF GUARDIAN OF THE JUNGLE AND, IN THAT CAPACITY HE IS EVER ON THE ALERT TO KEEP CIVILIZATION FROM CREEPING INTO THE JUNGLE AND DESTROYING THE PEACE AND QUIET OF THE FOREST. ALTHOUGH REALIZING THAT HE IS OF THE OMAN, OR WHITE RACE, HE DOES NOT RECALL HIS CHILDHOOD WHEN IN AIRPLANE, HE CRASHED WITH HIS PARENTS AND BECAME LOST IN THE JUNGLE.
AS KA-ZAR WATCHED, THE GREAT "BIRD," A TRIM LITTLE SEAPLANE BANKED SHARPLY ABOVE THE TREE TOPS.
ONE DAY, WHILE ON A TRIP THROUGH THE FOREST, HE HEARD A PECULIAR DRONING SOUND IN THE SKY.
IT'S A GREAT BIRD! BUT NOT PINDAR THE EAGLE OR KRU THE VULTURE!
THEN, TO HIS AMAZEMENT, IT LANDED ON THE QUIET WATERS OF A NEARBY LAKE!


2
AND SO NOT REMEMBERING HIS FATHER'S AIRPLANE, KA-ZAR WATCHES FROM SHORE WITH KEEN INTEREST AND CURIOSITY.
IT IS NOT A BIRD BUT SOMETHING THAT THE OMAN FLIES!
HE IS ANGERED WHEN THE PILOT CLIMBS OUT OF THE PLANE AND STEPS ASHORE. HIS EVERY EXPERIENCE WITH WHITE PEOPLE HAS BEEN WITH VILLIANS AND KA-ZAR BELIEVES THEY ALL INTEND TO DESPOIL THE JUNGLE.
WE CAN CAMP HERE, PROFESSOR RICE. THIS IS A GOOD PLACE TO MOOR THE PLANE.
THE OTHERS, PROFESSOR RICE, AND HIS DAUGHTER MARA, COME TO SHORE AND THE PLANE'S CARGO IS UNLOADED.
WE DIDN'T BRING MUCH LUGGAGE DAD.
IT WILL BE ENOUGH. I ONLY INTEND TO STAY A MONTH.
THE PROFESSOR IS A FAMOUS AND VERY WEALTHY BOTANIST WHO HAS BEEN FLOWN INTO THE JUNGLE TO SEARCH FOR CERTAIN RARE SPECIES OF PLANT LIFE.
CAN RETURN FOR US IN ONE MONTH
HAVE SOME WORK TO DO ON THE PLANE AND MAY NOT BE ABLE TO LEAVE FOR A DAY OR SO.
ALL RIGHT, BUT I ONLY HAVE ENOUGH FOOD TO LAST MY DAUGHTER AND MYSELF ONE MONTH AND I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE SOONER.
OH I'LL BE READY TO LEAVE IN A FEW DAYS!
OH DAD, I'M SURE WE HAVE PLENTY OF SUPPLIES TO LAST US. YOU'RE JUST WORRIED ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO STAY THE WHOLE MONTH
BUT, THE PROFESSOR DOES NOT KNOW THAT THE PILOT HAS VILLAINOUS INTENTIONS . . . .
YOU OLD FOOL! I'LL GIVE YOU A SURPRISE PRETTY SOON!

5
UNKNOWN TO THE BOTANIST, THE PILOT THAT HE ENGAGED TO FLY HIM INTO THE JUNGLE IS THE RENEGADE FLYER "RED" SKELTON, WANTED BY THE POLICE OF TWO CONTINENTS FOR DOZENS OF VILLAINOUS CRIMES!
BUT KA-ZAR, WATCHING THE TRIO, IS QUICK TO SENSE THE PILOT'S EVIL CHARACTER!
I DO NOT TRUST THE OMAN WITH THE CRUEL FACE!
FOR SOME STRANGE REASON, KA-ZAR BECAME ANGRY WHEN HE SAW SKELTON TRY TO FORCE HIS ATTENTIONS ON MARA.
LEAVE ME ALONE! YOU SHOULD BE WORKING ON YOUR PLANE!
WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO BE NICER TO ME?
IT WAS KA-ZAR'S FIRST SIGHT OF A WOMAN AND HE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND THE STRANGE EMOTIONS THAT STIRRED IN HIS MIND!
THE OMAN MOLESTS THE BEAUTIFUL FEMALE. I WILL STOP HIM!
KA-ZAR WAS ABOUT TO LEAP AT SKELTON WHEN PROFESSOR RICE APPEARED....
HELLO! MARA... I HAVE JUST FOUND A VERY RARE FLOWER.
IT WILL BE THE MOST VALUABLE ONE IN MY COLLECTION. SAY... PILOT, HAVENT YOU REPAIRED YOUR PLANE? ITS NEARLY A WEEK SINCE WE CAME HERE!
NO, AS A MATTER OF FACT THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THE PLANE. I JUST TRICKED YOU AND I MIGHT AS WELL LET YOU KNOW NOW WHAT I INTEND TO DO WITH YOU.
"RED" SKELTON!
"RED" SKELTON! YOU?

NO, BUT THAT'S THE NAME YOU KNOW ME BY NOW... OUT HERE IN THIS JUNGLE WHERE NOBODY CAN HELP YOU!
AND, HERE'S A LITTLE INTRODUCTION TO RED SKELTON!
THE GIRL FLEW AT SKELTON!
YOU... YOU BEAST!
NOW, JUST TAKE IT EASY... I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO USE THIS ON YOU TWO! AS SOON AS THE OLD MAN COMES TO I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU'RE TO DO!
KA-ZAR MISSED SEEING SKELTON'S TREACHERY. AS SOON AS THE PROFESSOR APPEARED, HE RACED AWAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE TO FIND ZAR, THE LION.
ZAR IS WISE AND MIGHTY. I WILL ASK HIM WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE OMAN!
NEARING ZAR'S CAVE, KA-ZAR GAVE A GREAT CALL... THE ROAR OF A LION!
HE WAS ANSWERED IN A FEW MOMENTS BY THE BEAST!
ZAR... THE OMAN ARE HERE AGAIN. ONE IS EVIL, BUT OTHERS I AM SURE MEAN NO HARM. THEY FLEW HERE IN A GREAT BIRD, GREATER THAN PINDAR, THE EAGLE!

ZAR
MEANWHILE, THE BOTANIST RECOVERED FROM SKELTON'S CRUEL ATTACK!
5
YOU CAN'T DO THAT! IT'S MURDER! WE'D STARVE BEFORE WE COULD FIND OUR WAY OUT OF THE JUNGLE!
SO THAT'S YOUR GAME! BLACKMAIL! WELL, HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT, SKELTON? THERE ISN'T ANYTHING ELSE WE CAN DO!
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH!

SKELTON, YOU DOG! I'LL DIE HERE IN THE JUNGLE FIRST!
QUIET, FATHER, I'LL DO AS HE SAYS... FOR SAVE YOU.
THAT'S BETTER SENSE!
IN A RAGE, THE ELDERLY MAN SPRANG AT THE PILOT!
I'LL KILL YOU WITH MY OWN HANDS!
TERRIFIED, MARA SEES SKELTON RAISE THIS GUN AND POINT IT AT HER FATHER!
STOP! DON'T SHOOT!
WELL, YOU ASKED FOR THIS AND HERE IT IS!
THE BOTANIST, A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEART, FALLS FORWARD.
IN A RAGE, MARA RUSHES WILDLY INTO THE JUNGLE!
HE...HE'S KILLED FATHER! I WON'T GO BACK WITH HIM.
FROM A DISTANT CLIFF IN THE JUNGLE KAZAR HEARS THE SHOT!
IT IS THE NOISE OF THE THUNDER STICK!
THAT WAS FROM THE DENS OF THE OMAN..... I'LL HURRY TO LEARN WHAT HAS HAPPENED!

MEANWHILE, SKELTON SEARCHES FOR MARA!
FIND HER!
KA-ZAR FINDS THE MURDERED BOTANIST!
HE'S DEAD... AND THE OTHERS ARE GONE!
ZAR....
I'M GOING TO EXAMINE THE "BIRD" THAT BROUGHT THEM HERE!
KA-ZAR
HE PICKS UP A SMALL OBJECT FROM THE FLOOR....

THE OBJECT WAS A SMALL METAL CIGARETTE LIGHTER.
KA-ZAR SPUN THE WHEEL ACCIDENTALLY AGAINST THE FLINT!
INSTANTLY, THE WICK LIGHTED!
8
WHAT IS THIS?
THE JUNGLE MAN THREW THE LIGHTER AWAY WHEN IT BURNED HIS FINGERS!
OILY RAGS!
ALMOST INSTANTLY, THE INTERIOR OF THE PLANE WAS ABLAZE!
KA-ZAR DOVE FROM THE PLANE INTO THE LAKE!
AND, IN THE JUNGLE SKELTON SEES THE SMOKE RISING ABOVE THE TREES!
FIRE! FROM CAMP... IT MUST BE THE PLANE!

MARA ALSO SEES THE SMOKE . . . . .
IT'S A FIRE!
IT IS THE PLANE! I CAN'T SAVE IT! WHO COULD HAVE STARTED THE FIRE?
9
SKELTON SEES MARA AT THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE, WATCHING THE FIRE!
I KNOW NOW WHO DID IT. IT WAS YOU . . . AND I'LL GET EVEN!
BURNING THAT PLANE MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO LEAVE; BUT, THERE ARE ENOUGH SUPPLIES HERE FOR ONE TO GET OUT ON FOOT! SO, I'M GOING TO SHOOT YOU!
OH, NO YOU AREN'T. I DON'T LIKE YOU, AND I'M GOING TO PUNISH YOU FOR KILLING THE OMAN!
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE . . . . BUT, THERE'S A BULLET IN HERE FOR YOU, TOO.
BANG!
THE BULLET MISSES ITS MARK AND KA-ZAR GRABS THE MURDEROUS SKELTON AND PLUNGES HIS SHARP KNIFE INTO THE MAN'S THROAT!
YOU'VE SAVED ME! BUT, WHO ARE YOU?
I AM KA-ZAR, BROTHER OF ZAR THE LION. THE JUNGLE IS MY HOME!
UNAFRAID, MARA GOES TO KA-ZAR.

I WANT TO MAKE THE JUNGLE MY HOME TOO! MY FATHER IS GONE, AND I HAVE NO DESIRE TO RETURN TO CIVILIZATION.
LIFE IN THE JUNGLE WOULD BE TOO HARD FOR YOU! I MUST FIND SOME WAY FOR YOU TO REACH YOUR HOME AGAIN!
AT THAT MOMENT, ZAR DASHED OUT OF THE JUNGLE . . . .
TRAJAH COMES WITH A MESSAGE FOR YOU!"
IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE JUNGLE BEASTS KA-ZAR LEARNED THAT A LARGE CARAVAN OF WHITE MEN WAS PASSING THROUGH JUNGLE . . . .
GOOD. I WILL SEND HER BACK WITH THEM!
BUT, MARA DID NOT WANT TO GO...
PLEASE LET ME STAY! DON'T SEND ME BACK TO CIVILIZATION... I WANT TO REMAIN HERE!
NO...YOU MUST GO. YOU WOULD NOT BE HAPPY HERE. TRAJAH WILL CARRY US TO WHERE I CAN SEE YOU SAFELY ON YOUR WAY BACK HOME WITH THE CARAVAN!
SO KA-ZAR ON TRAJAH'S BACK, TOOK MARA TO THE CARAVAN.
NEXT MONTH! MORE KA-ZAR ADVENTURES IN MARVEL COMICS!

Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?

MEN—Meet J. G. O'Brien, of California, one of my 'Silver Cup Winners'! Look at that strong neck—those broad, handsome, perfectly proportioned shoulders—that muscled chest and stomach. Read what he says: "Look at me NOW! **Dynamic Tension** WORKS! I'm proud of the **natural**, easy way you have made me an 'Atlas Champion'!" —*J. G. O'Brien.*

I, myself, was once a skinny weakling of [illegible] lbs. I didn't know what real health and strength were. I was afraid to fight, ashamed to be seen in a swimming suit.

This Sterling Silver Cup Being Given Away

[illegible]

Then I discovered the secret that changed me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," the title I won **twice** and have held **ever since**, against all comers. My secret is **Dynamic Tension**. It is a **natural** method. [illegible]

Accept My 7-Day Trial Offer

[illegible]

FREE BOOK ON DYNAMIC TENSION

[illegible] "**Everlasting Health and Strength.**" [illegible] Charles Atlas, Dept. [illegible], 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS
Dept. [illegible], 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

[illegible]

Name

Address

City State

ACT NOW!

ON THIS BARGAIN OFFER.

THE COMBINATION FOR AS LITTLE AS 10c A DAY

How easy it is to pay for this combination. Just imagine! A small good will deposit and terms as low as 10c a day to get this combination at once. You will never miss 10c a day. Become immediately the possessor of this combination. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon.

THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY $1.00

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibre board—now available for only one dollar ($1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. **Mail the coupon today.**

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU

LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two-color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trail, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

SEND COUPON NOW!

Remington Rand Inc. Dept 423-5
465 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Booklet, for as little as 10c a day. Send Catalogue.

Name..

Address..

City..............................State..........